Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prince. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey.* *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*
Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*
Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry?* for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Falſ. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falſtalffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlaue of li
And Time that takes ſurue
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I cou
But that the Earth, and col
Lies on my tonge: no *Perc*
And food for
Prince. For Worms, bra
Ill weau'd Ambition, how
When that this body did c
A Kingdome for it, was too
But now two paces of the v
Is roome enough: this eart
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a
If thou wert ſenſible of cur
I ſhould not make ſo great
But let my fauours hide thy
And euen in thy behalfe, I
For doing theſe faire rites
Adieu, and take thy praiſe
Thy ignomy ſleepe with th
But not remembred in thy

He ſpieth F

What, old acquaintance,
Keepe in a little life? poore
I could haue better ſpar'd a
O, I ſhould haue a heauy
If I were much in loue with
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo
Though many dearer in th
Imboweld will I ſee thee by
Till then, in blood by nob

Falſ

Falſ. Imboweld? if th
leaue to powder me, and
time to counterfeit, or th
ſcot and let too. Counte
be a counterfeit, for hee
hath not the life of a man

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Ato